

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

I THIRST.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

I thirst, but earth cannot allay
The fever coursing through my veins;
The healing stream is far away,
It flows through Salem's glorious plains.
The murmurs of its crystal flow
Break ever o'er this world of strife;
My heart is weary, let me go
To bathe it in the stream of life.
For many a worn and weary heart
Hath bathed itself in this pure stream,
And felt its griefs and cares depart,
E'en like some sad, forgotten dream.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER V.

As Aggy walked slowly homeward, she tried to collect her scattered thoughts and form something like a definite plan of action for the future. She resolved to go once more to Mr. Delnoe, and demand the immediate fulfillment of his promise. She intended to claim it upon the ground of justice, as her positive right, and believed that he would readily grant it, for on every occasion he had shown her the most marked proofs of indulgence. Indeed his treatment of her was always respectful, and at times almost tender. He never ordered her, but asked as a favor any attention or service. She had been universally cold and distant toward him, instinctively shrinking from the father who would not openly acknowledge her as his child; yet she had no clear idea upon the subject, such was the force of habit and custom; only nature, in her silent way, does always attest to truth and despise injustice. "I shall go North," thought Aggy; "I will get a situation of some kind—I'll work hard—I'll try to get my heart—I'll get over this—I will. But, first, I shall demand, outright, from my father, a child's portion of his property, or at least enough of my just inheritance to assist me in my self-support. But—" and her cheek burnt red—"if I had only done right through all the past, I might be happy in the future." Again her face blanched, and her fingers twitched nervously about her heart.

But, as she walked along, quietly, maturing her plan, she grew calm and self-possessed. The evening was coming on, and a premonition of its calmness was already abroad in the dove-like gentleness of the atmosphere, the prayerful hush of leaf, shrub and tree, and the silent movement of the new moon, which bent its crescent in the east as an omen of harmony.

As she drew near the house, Aggy was surprised to discover unusual signs of haste and agitation. Servants were running to and fro, and there was every symptom of confusion and disorder. She quickened her step, passing through the outer grounds, and on the left of the conservatory, and entered the front yard, where she saw the physician's carriage; and fearing that Marian was ill, rushed through the front entry, up two flights of stairs, and through the halls until she reached Marian's chamber, which, to her surprise, was vacant.

"She, at least, is not ill, thank God!" broke from the quadroon's lips. Pausing for a moment to regain breath, she looked round the room, and what met her eye? On a table, among books and papers, she discovered a miniature of Raymond, which had been carelessly thrown there! The temptation was great; she took it up and looked at it earnestly; 'twas so like him—exact—the lips seemed ready to burst forth in speech; the eyes—they were his! The artist had surely worked in a happy moment, for he had even succeeded in catching Raymond's trick of manner, which was peculiar. With what patient, attentive eyes she scanned the work! Her cheek was wet with tears, and her fine lip trembled with the heart's pent emotion!

"Oh, she thought, 'if this were only mine, I'd prize it to—would be a source of consolation when I am a great way off. Marian has thrown it down here, among her papers. She does not value it, else would it be lying on her heart. Let me take it with me, as a love-charm, a solace in my far-off wanderings.'

She noted upon the thought, and, concealing it in her bosom, turned to leave the room; but no—conscience put a rebuke in her very feet—they refused to bear her hence—and, after a second reflection, she took the treasure from her bosom, and, dashing it on the table, said aloud, "She has him, let her have the picture too!"

Just then a shadow darkened the door, and, looking up, Aggy stood face to face with Josephine Finney; but there was nothing in those serene, up-looking eyes to betray that the words had been heard. She asked, in a quiet tone,

"Where have you been, Aggy?"
"Out on the plantation for some time, as I had no particular work to attend to; but, Miss Finney, can you tell me where Miss Marian is?"

"With her father, of course, and she wanted you; have you not seen her?"

"No, ma'am; and please tell me, what is the matter?"
"Why, don't you know that Mr. Delnoe is very ill—stricken, I think, by paralysis? I am waiting now until the doctor comes out of the chamber to get his real opinion of the case. Of course he will be cautious about giving this within Marian's hearing. Poor child! this is her first recollection sorrow."

"Must he die soon?" The quadroon seemed to ask this question of Heaven, of Fate, rather than her companion; for she did not appear to care for the answer, and abruptly left the room.

In an elegant chamber, richly hung with lace and damask drapery, surrounded by pictures in ornate frames, by statues of rare workmanship, and upon a luxurious couch, William Delnoe, the worn-out worldling, lay dying. His daughter sat beside him, watching anxiously every breath as it came heavily. She held his hand between her own soft palms, and her eyes never wandered from his face. On the opposite side of the bed sat the family physician, holding the patient's pulse and attentively counting the life-beats. The malato nurse, in huge turban, moved about the room, fidgety as all nurses are; altering the position of a vial here, or a bottle there, moving a chair, consulting the watch, or adjusting the cover of the bed; no doubt by way of showing her needful importance and enhancing her general busyness.

Mr. Delnoe laid very quietly upon his pillow, appearing to rest calmly, but with a face pale and ghastly. The doctor rose to leave; Marian looked up anxiously.
"Must you leave, doctor? Can't you remain with us through the evening and night? My father may awake much worse. Do you think him very ill? Can't you stay with us?"

There was a pleading earnestness in her tone, and a petition in the sweet eyes which were upturned to his.

The doctor hesitated a moment, consulted his watch, and, in a wavering, professional tone, replied,

"Well, you know, Miss Delnoe, I have very many patients to see, but I shall only visit the most important cases, and leave the others until to-morrow, and so return to pass the evening here. I want to watch your father's case through."

So saying, he bowed himself out of the chamber, and Marian's eyes returned to their vigilant love-watch.

Just then, Aggy entered, bearing a shaded lamp; placing it upon the table, she glided up to the bed. One look at that dead-white face told her the worst. She trembled like an aspen leaf, for, if Mr. Delnoe should never recover his senses, how was her boon to be obtained? Moreover, a natural feeling, a sort of dim dawning of filial solicitude, stirred within her.

She took her station at the opposite side of the couch, near the nurse, and with her eyes full bent upon Marian.

unobserved when they were not, as now, in sympathy one with the other.

"Move the light, Aggy," said Marian, as she looked up, and suddenly started. Why was this? Did she see the resemblance? Did her spirit read the fact in that poor, pale quadroon face?

Aggy arranged the lamp in such a manner as to leave the room in partial shadow, and, creeping up to Marian, seated herself beside her. Marian was weary from anxiety and watching; so, leaning her head heavily on the quadroon's shoulder, she fell into a gentle, baby-like sleep. Aggy's arm and Aggy's breast supported her; and thus the playmates of childhood—in sorrow, not in play—were brought lovingly together.

Mr. Delnoe moved, opened his eyes and asked for water. The nurse held a quieting potion to his lips; he made an attempt to swallow—straggled—and made a second effort with no more success.

"Lift me up, nurse," he asked.
Upon being propped up in bed, he called for light—complained that it was not bright enough, and insisted upon having more.

"I can't see, nurse; give me a blaze of lamps. I want to look all around me."

Four astral lamps were brought and placed on the table in front of his bed; still he complained of the dimness.

The nurse began chafing his temples and brow with stimulating fluid, and he seemed to gain strength. As he turned his eye round and beheld Marian, with her head on Aggy's shoulder, he smiled faintly, then suddenly his brow gathered into a black frown, and a half-furtive oath escaped his lips.

"Who told Marian? Who grieved her? Tell me, I'll kill him—they shall blacken me in her heart. She shall be grieved—my pet, my pride, Marian." As he said this through clenched teeth, and started up from the bed, his strength failed him; he fell back upon the couch and expired in a horrid convulsion.

"The worst is over," exclaimed the nurse, as she closed the lids over those wildly staring eyes; 'he's died his God now."

Aggy rose, and, assisted by the nurse, bore Marian to an adjoining room, and, placing her upon a couch, left her in the care of Josephine Finney.

The doctor returned to find his rich patient past need of medical treatment.

"What time did he die?" he asked of the nurse.

"Just 'bout nine o'clock, doctor."

"Miss Delnoe—how and where is she?"

"She's 'sleep now; poor young miss, she'll take an orful when she comes to hear it. I'd like, doctor, to keep it from her a good bit."

"She will have to know it; perhaps I or Miss Finney had better break the intelligence to her."

"I will tell her, doctor," said Aggy, in a hollow voice.

"You?" the doctor inquired with an instinctive respect in his tone, as he glanced at the quadroon's fair form and lady-like manner.

"Yes, doctor, I'm most with her; understand her better than any one else, and would prefer bearing the painful news to her. It is my duty."

There was at the quadroon's determined tone which he did not gainsay.

CHAPTER VI.

After the body was neatly dressed and laid out upon the bed, fresh flowers placed upon the table, and long waxen candles lighted beside the bier, Aggy stole out from the room and sought Marian, who still slept, all oblivious of her recent loss.

The quadroon gazed upon those sleeping features, and watched the regular motion of the healthy breath with a tender eye.

Josephine Finney sat very still and quiet upon the opposite side of the bed, also attentively regarding the sleeper.

"Did he die calmly, Aggy?"

"With a very severe struggle, ma'am. Tears were in the quadroon's eyes."

"He was a good master."

Aggy's eye flashed! the word *master* had come to grate disagreeably upon her ear. Miss Finney observed the flash, but perhaps ascribed it to pride, to temper; certainly not to the right cause.

When Marian awoke, without being told, she read the fearful news in the faces of those who stood around.

"I am an orphan!" burst from her lips in a cry of pain; "take me to him—take me to my father."

Beside that form and upon that still, dead face she wept her first tears of conscious sorrow.

We pass over the funeral and burial of Mr. Delnoe. It is a scene sacred to others, and from which we dare not lift the veil. Time, that brings rest to us all, brought relief to Marian, whose sorrow at first seemed wild and turbulent. Raymond was her almost constant companion, soothing with words of love and upholding her weakness by the strength of his own nature. Josephine Finney, too, stood ready to console and cherish her, and the poor quadroon, who had most need of comfort, was not the least one in sheltering her mistress; and as she composed her lips to speak words of cheer, her own heart was torn by a hundred fangs. The bitterest martyrdom is often silent. Many a human heart is its own inquisition and chamber of horrors. At first, Marian's daily visits to her father's grave were regular and uniform; gradually Raymond lured her off in other and less solitary directions, and so beguiled her mind from a too keen contemplation of its bereavement. Thus, in the course of a few weeks, she was won back to a happy and almost careless state of mind; meanwhile her lover urged her to a speedy consummation of his wishes.

The preparation for the wedding was carried on in the pleasantest manner. Josephine, Marian and sundry dress-makers were in constant consultation upon the relative merits of satin, moire-antique, &c., and thus the house was in a happy little tumult all the while.

Marian never looked prettier or brighter. The dress of deep mourning seemed to bring out finely the most salient points of her face. The house, instead of being one of grief, had been turned into a mansion of rejoicing; even the slaves were interested to know something of the new master, whose dynasty was to begin so soon; and though the wedding ("owing to the recent affliction") was to be entirely private, it promised pleasure, a holiday, cakes, pies, &c., to them; so of course it was looked forward to with pleasure.

Marian Delnoe sat alone in her room, one morning, tying white satin ribbon into curious love-knots, and quilling lace to the tops of white kid gloves.

"There, that will do," she said; "that won't do," she frequently cried, as she tossed glove, lace and ribbon down to be half lost in a pile of flogging lying at her feet. She seemed tired of her foolish work.

Scattering the ribbons and laces with her tiny foot, she rose, walked to a table, opened a book, and read aloud.

"'Tis idleness all."

"Miss Marian!"

Turning round, she said—

"Ah, it is you, Aggy; I am glad you have come; I want to talk with you; have been thinking about it for a long time, but since poor papa's death" (the tears were in her eyes), "everything has seemed to crowd in upon me so that I forgot you—and then" (she smiled) "I am so happy about this marriage that I don't think of much else."

Aggy was very still.

"Come up to me, girl," Marian seated herself in a rocking chair, and motioned to Aggy to take the stool at her feet.

"You see, Aggy, I know you are fretting about something, and have been for a great while. What is the matter? Can I do anything for you? Has anybody used you ill? Haven't you as many books as you wish? I told you to take 'n' volume out of the library that you wanted, only to be particular in returning it; and, as for flogging, you don't seem to care for it. I'll give you anything you want. What can make you so sad?"

Aggy did not speak—did not dare look toward her mistress.

"I hope," continued Marian, "that you haven't a sweetheart, Aggy, for I shouldn't like to have you marry."

Aggy shivered; Marian observed it.

"Why, Aggy, you don't want to marry; surely that would be too foolish."

The quadroon could not refrain from saying,

"You are going to marry."

"Yes, but it is different with me. I am a lady and you only a slave."

"So I am—so I am." The quadroon's tone was very bitter, and her whole face was wet with the dash of tears.

Marian looked pained.

"What is it, Aggy?"

"Oh, Miss Marian," cried the girl, upon a sudden impulse, falling on her knees at her mistress's feet, "I give me my freedom—let me go away—let me be free, and I'll bless you."

The words came brokenly through the tears and agitation of voice. Marian was amazed; she had not thought of this.

"Aggy," she asked, "can any one have been tampering with you? Has Josephine Finney—"

"No, ma'am, no. Miss Finney said that nothing to me. No one has spoken of it; 'tis my own heart that asks for liberty. I shall die if I stay here longer."

Marian was so surprised that she did not seem to apprehend fully what the slave wanted. If she had taken the idea, no doubt she would have condemned Aggy for ingratitude.

"Your father," pursued Aggy more composedly, "promised my mother that I should be free. I was about demanding his compliance with this promise, when he was suddenly taken from us. During the hours of your affliction, I could not trouble you; but now, Miss Marian, when you are so happy, can't you spare me? Can't you let me go and seek my happiness?"

"Your happiness, Aggy, is surest with me. What would you do with freedom, or freedom with you?"

"It would make me a woman."

"Nonsense, girl, I can't think of such a thing. Somebody, over busy at that, has been talking to you. I do believe it is Josey, for she is romantic, or else you are in love. Stay! let me see—can it be with the butler—will James? I'll make him marry you rather than you should run off!"

"Miss Marian!"

There was a sternness and haughty reproof in Aggy's tone, which at another time would have provoked Marian. Now, however, she was too much preoccupied to notice it.

"I don't believe, Aggy, that papa ever promised your mother that you should be free; or, if he did, it was only a playful promise that he had no thought of keeping."

"If I could only have spoken with him!" Aggy twisted her fingers together in that manner so indicative of pain; she shivered dreadfully, but there were no tears now to contend with.

"Get up, foolish girl, and go away; this is a feeling which you will get over. Stay—take that blue silk dress of mine; 'tisn't half worn, but, as I am in mourning, I do not need it; you shall have it. Take it from the wardrobe."

"Please, Miss Marian—I had—rather not."

The girl's hand was on the knob of the door—she was leaving.

"Aggy," exclaimed Marian, "it is unkind, ungrateful in you to wish to leave me now. I am an orphan, and just going to be married; you have had much care of me, and now to want to go away from me is mean. What would papa say?" and she burst into tears.

This touched Aggy, for she loved Marian, and in her generosity forgot herself.

"No, no, Miss Marian, I'm not ungrateful—I don't want to leave you—'tis not that; but I am—oh—so miserable! But I'll stay until—until you are married; then will you let me go?"

"Yes, see how selfish you are, to want to leave me at all. You know I can't do without you; there is no one to take your place."

"Rachel is a good girl, more capable than I am, and fonder of the sort of work you'll have her to do."

"I thought, Aggy, that you were fond of me."

"Your chief pleasure was to dress me, wait upon me; but now you want to leave me. It is shameful ingratitude. If papa were alive, you wouldn't think of it."

"If he were only alive"—and the quadroon left the apartment.

"Oh, Josey, Josey," said Marian, as the two young ladies sat on the balcony; "don't you think, Aggy came and asked me to set her free immediately! What do you think of such impudence and ingratitude?"

"Why, this is strange, but I always wondered how such a person could remain in slavery."

"Are you quite sure, Josephine, that you have not been talking with her?"

Marian's eyes were fixed intently upon Miss Finney, watching every variety of expression.

"What do you mean, Marian? You can't intend to insult me, and yet your words imply it."

"No, Josey, forgive me. I am growing suspicious, and doubt even my best friends; but it seems so strange that the girl who has always been so faithful should now act so ungratefully. But there is Raymond coming up the avenue; where is my hat? I'll meet him."

And there they are, strolling leisurely up the walk, in the shade of those old oak trees.

"William, I've been so annoyed to-day; don't you think, my maid, Aggy, has dared to ask me to set her free. This is too ungrateful, after all my kindness to her. Servants are so ungrateful, but I did think she was true and grateful."

There was an abrupt pause; Marian felt the arm upon which she leaned tremble, but he made no reply to her complaint.

"Don't you think her ungrateful? You have often observed her, I dare say—that handsome quadroon girl."

"Oh, yes. His very voice was husky, and he trembled violently."

"What is the matter with you, William? are you sick? You shake like one with the ague."

"No, I feel chilly; the evening air."

"In pleasant, dear, but perhaps you have been too long immersed in your office; that always makes you nervous."

"Yes, yes."

"But when we are married, I don't intend to let you neglect yourself thus. I'll keep you at home until you get quite well and strong."

There was a ghastly smile that he gave in response to her sickly pleasantry.

"Don't you think, William, that it was ungrateful in my girl to want her freedom?"

"It is a natural want, my darling."

"What is it?"

"Personal liberty."

"But when she has been so indulged! I've treated her more like a friend than a slave, and to want to leave me!"

"Seems strange, indeed, to want to leave you," and he pressed the little hand that rested upon his arm. Just then Aggy crossed the avenue, a few steps in front of them. Marian called to her. Half hesitatingly, and with a face full of pain, the slave obeyed the summons.

"Aggy," said her mistress, "Mr. Raymond is your new master. I have been telling him of your little pet this morning, and he concludes with me that you are very foolish and will soon regret it. Now, I see, from the way you hang your head, that you are ashamed; look up, this is your new master."

"Yes, ma'am." The quadroon did look up, and her eyes encountered the bloodless face and staring eyes of Raymond. She comprehended the whole, and, arming her heart with courage, made a pleasant speech, smiled a death-like smile, and left her mistress and "new master."

"Now, isn't she a pretty quadroon? Only you seemed to intimidate her; she could scarcely look up; but I've seen her when she was really pleased; don't you think her pretty?"

"Why, yes—indeed I scarcely observed—what of her?"

"Why, now, William, I am certain you are not well; your voice falters—you tremble—and I'm sure you are not well; but here comes Pedro. Here, here, Pedro—down, sir, down."

These last words were addressed to a fine Newfoundland dog, who came bounding and leaping upon her in the excitement of a canine welcome.

"Isn't he a splendid dog?"

"Yes."

"Yes! Why, you answer at random. I never saw anything like you; you neither praise my maid nor my dog. It is well I have something to entertain myself with besides you, Sir Dulness. Come, Pedro—come away with me from this dull company." And off she sped, the dog rubbing after her, while her hero was left to his own meditations, which could not be very agreeable.

Marian, who was of a very elastic temperament, never allowing anything to give her more than a moment's anxiety, quickly forgot Raymond and his disquiet in the quickness of the chase and frolic with Don Pedro. Away they scampered, through the garden, up and down avenues, across lawns, over fields and through groves, in the buoyancy of a swift foot-race.

Raymond entered the parlor, the doors of which opened upon a wide veranda. Drawing a chair near the door, he sat down and was soon lost to all surrounding consciousness. Around him was splendor and wealth, which was soon to be his; but his eye was dead to them now.

Cocciade had a voice, and she spoke to him with her thousand tongues. He could not banish that worn face which had glared upon him in the avenue. He reproached himself for the wrong he had done the quadroon, but then, as if to soothe himself, he thought, "She ought to have secured her freedom from Mr. Delnoe; she might have done so. Surely she can't be one fitted to free life, or she would have manifested more forethought. No, I suppose it is better for her as it is. Whatever is right."

And with this optimistic view of things generally, he appeared to satisfy himself, without stopping to hold a stricter inquiry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—Silently, thought on thought, Truth's temple greets the sky; And, like a cathedral with towers, The soul with her subversive powers, Is strengthened thereby.

Soundless as chariots on the snow, The saplings of the forest grow; To trees of mighty height, Each brightly star in silken robes, And every day in silence runs The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand, Fetters the rivers and the land With universal chains; And smitten by the silent sun, The chains are loosed, the rivers run, The lands are free again.

FARMERS AND FARMING.

ADDRESS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Annual Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Mass., took place on Wednesday, 29th ult., at Concord. The noticeable event of the day was the delivery of the following address by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the dinner:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from all parties a more direct good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trades and manufactures, church and laymen, soldier and man, and woman, all have an equal good will, because an equal stake in the prosperity of the farmer.

It is well with all when it is well with him. He is the crown glory of the land, and his right to the soil is as sacred as the rights of the noblest nobles. Every man has his stake in the soil, and the best men have held him highest. Ours is a land, it was said that such or such a man was a good husbandman, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the independence of the whole army, but of the whole of the State, the crown of Grass is given to the farmer, who grows the grass, the bread of the more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us then look at the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opens before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature, obtains from the earth bread; the food which to nature has been his. And this necessity and duty gives the farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only exiled from it by man's artifice.

Persons willing to do it for a time to others. If he had not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient charm of standing close to God. He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquility, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of flocks, of poultry, of sheep, of fruits, and trees, and the simple life, in giving him the strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide our poverty and our solitude, if we do not succeed in society. Who knows how many remorseful glances are turned thus away from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senate. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to perform active labor on the soil, yet he is not content with the life of idleness, but is dragged by cooks and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose-color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and he is not a creature of elements.

He is a man of the seasons, and he is a man of the seasons and the weather, and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in painting, is the knowledge of nature, patience with the delays of time, and the degree of the seasons, excess of water and drought, patience with the slowness of our feet and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him, and in each he must be a grateful spectator. His spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has a good reason on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do. Here in this town we remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the country. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by scheming speculators, nor by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his feet, and he has a good reason for it. He has plenty of plain food. His milk at least is not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with abundance, or as Burke said, "Man breeds at the mouth." The farmer is the Board of Quarters. He has no power of punishment, but he has the power of life. He is the capital of health, and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities comes. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in the cities who are the centres of energy, the driving wheels in trade or politics, or arts or letters; the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers, and are spending the energies which their hard, slow,